bullets and thousands were wounded, with many fatalities among bystanders, both grownups and children.

I returned to Russia with a strange feeling of frustration and guilt. Frustration, because I had discovered how little I knew about my own country; guilt, because I had been so far from it on Bloody Sunday.

Back in the capital, I found that the events of January 9 had profoundly shocked and outraged the public. All blame was laid on the Tsar, who had fled to one of his suburban residences but let his standard fly over the Winter Palace. "Down with the Tsar!" became the slogan in even moderately liberal circles. Gapon was the national hero. In the students' mess, all parties displayed his portraits —full face and profile, sitting and standing in a plain cassock, with a cross on his chest.[3]

A general meeting of students had been called to take a stand on the massacre of January 9. It was held in the main hall of the University, which could accommodate three thousand persons standing and was packed to capacity. A young man opened the meeting in the name of the coalition committee of revolutionary organizations of the University and invited the audience to elect a chairman. When he himself was elected unanimously, he announced the agenda.

All the speakers urged the students to strike as the only effective protest against the infamous crime of the government. This course had been determined in advance, after consultation among revolutionary groups. They called for strikes in all Russian universities, institutes, and colleges, without a time limit. Their arguments were moral and political: We cannot study when the soil under our feet is soaked with blood. We cannot accept education from the hands

[3] There is no longer any mystery about Father Gapon. He was a police agent, assigned to the church at the Putilov mills to counteract leftist propaganda. He founded a monarchistic union of workers to whom he preached obedience to the Tsar, loving father, ever ready to help and protect the workers. When the strike in the mills broke out, he decided to use it to kindle monarchistic feelings and raise his own prestige in the eyes of his police superiors. The latter drafted the original petition to the Tsar and told Gapon to circulate it in the factories, but at that point the wires got crossed. Some workers suggested changes in the petition and Gapon accepted them. The style of the petition remained monarchistic, but its content became openly revolutionary. When it reached the police, the chief ordered the priest to stop the whole nonsense immediately. By this time, however, Gapon feared the terrorists even more than his superiors. His only salvation seemed to be to bring his plan to a successful climax. He was at the head of the procession the police stopped at the Gate of Narva and escaped the bullets by throwing himself flat on the snow. Members of the Socialist Revolutionary party spirited him away to a hiding place, and he was smuggled abroad in disguise. In 1905, he returned to Russia and again offered his services to the secret police but was unmasked by the revolutionaries, tried by a secret workers' tribunal, and hung.